

"AW, YOU KNOW WHERE I'M GOING!"

Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1915.

If you are out joy-riding when Opportunity knocks at the door she will call on your neighbor.

MORE WAR TAXES IN PROSPECT
THE Democratic majority in Congress has redeemed its promise to continue what it calls the war taxes for another year.

HOLDING ON TO A GOOD THING
BECAUSE the executors of the Harrah estate held on to the Midvale Steel Company shares for 25 years they have increased the fortune of the heirs from \$50,000 to \$5,000,000.

PHILADELPHIA KNEW IT FIRST
The obvious invariably reaches Philadelphia in time. The Evening Ledger has discovered that it is not important whether Governor Whitman wishes to run for President or not.

PROTECTION BY LAWSUIT
SECRETARY REDFIELD persists in his recommendation that we go around Robin Hood's barn to find a way to prevent the ruinous competition of foreign manufacturers after the war when the better road lies straight before him.

THE MOST INTERESTING AMERICAN
IT is not difficult to guess who is meant by this phrase, which Julian Street uses as the title of a book just from the press of the Century Company.

PROSPERITY
THERE was published in the Evening Ledger some weeks ago a cartoon in which Father Penn, drowning in money, called on Croesus to stand up and admit that he was a "piker."

THEY'RE telling this one on the Street: A man who had something to sell went into the office of Van Dusen & Stokes, the other day, and asked for Mr. Stokes.

THE new Tom Smith cigar is not a tuffer.
THE new Ambassador to Mexico can talk Spanish.

IT pays to be a Phillistine. Elbert Hubbard accumulated an estate worth \$37,000.

When the women start out to show their affection for their leaders they prove that they are experts.

It can hardly be called gallant for his potent enemies to attack the British Prime minister through his wife.

Dragged forward by the rich on one side and held down by the poor on the other, the middle class with a fixed income can smile rather bitterly at the thought of prosperity.

GET BUSY

IT IS a fine thing to be able to point to great men who have lived and died and been buried in a city. Philadelphia has had her share of Agamemnon. Some of them landed here with Penn. In a thousand and one activities it is possible to say, "Philadelphia was first in this new world."

It is a splendid thing to know that liberty was born here and that here American industry first thrived. It is good to feel that there is scarcely a block downtown without its historic associations. There is the scent of mighty deeds about the older streets, and the achievements of Philadelphians who have returned to the dust form almost a history of the nation. It is good to feel a pride in these things, it is inspiring to review them.

But it is not what men did yesterday that counts today. Unless the vigor they exhibited, the virility which translated itself, in their cases, into achievements, the daring which won for them their triumphs, are part and parcel, too, of this generation; unless for every great man that died there is another living; unless the leaders of our thought and action are as real and competent leaders today as were the men whom they succeeded, we change our splendid inheritance into dry rot and squander the assets which have been bequeathed.

There are too many business men in Philadelphia who are satisfied, too many who are content to go along with the tide. There are as great chances now for pioneers of trade as there ever were; there are as great rewards to be won, as great results to be accomplished. The shoe drummer who followed the American armies through Porto Rico and made a business where there had been none before was typical of the progressiveness that coins itself into dollars and prosperity.

The city is about to have adequate transit facilities and adequate piers. These are in a large sense only the tools of trade, the instruments through which individual initiative may have a better chance to succeed. The prosperity of the city must depend finally on the character of men and women in it, upon their ceaseless working forward, their refusal to be satisfied, their confident grapple with the future, their willingness to extend their trade frontiers on and on.

It is the NOW that counts, not the yesterday, which, with all its glories and triumphs, has gone forever. Not what people did before us, but what we do ourselves is the measure of our success and our progress. There are precedents, therefore, to be thrown aside, but there are more examples to be followed. There is a leader to bring the genius of a Girard to the business opportunities of today, the political acumen of a Jefferson to the trade statesmanship of this hour. The way to get things is to go after them.

A CITIZEN MARRIES

THE occasions on which Woodrow Wilson has been able to appear before his fellow citizens purely as an individual, without Presidential pomp and ceremony, have been tragically few in this last year. In every move and utterance some official motive has been discerned, and the long days of disaster which have filled his Administration have left him but little of the repose and affability, little of the common touch, to associate him, personally, with his fellow men.

Today, as he approaches his marriage, something more than conventional felicitations go out to the President. He enters into the human relation which is the very foundation of our common existence, and by doing so links himself again to the daily private life of each man and woman. It has been hard, at times, to understand Mr. Wilson, but today his motives are without subtleties, and his actions, the actions of every man. The nation cheerfully lays aside fears and dissensions and sends its warm congratulations to the Chief Executive.

"THE MOST INTERESTING AMERICAN"
IT is not difficult to guess who is meant by this phrase, which Julian Street uses as the title of a book just from the press of the Century Company.

The most interesting American is, of course, Theodore Roosevelt. His enemies admit it. He is so interesting that they cannot curb their curiosity about what he will do next. His friends do not try to. The whole country is wondering what course he will pursue in the next six months. The New York Tribune has already begun to speculate about whether he can "come back," as though he had ever gone away. What he does will have a greater effect upon the course of politics next year than the actions of any other single American. He cannot remain inactive, for he is not built that way. While Roosevelt was still abroad, resting from the labors of the Presidency, Ellhu Root was asked whether he thought the ex-President after his return home, and the ex-Secretary of State replied:

"The best answer to that question is that he had not got out of the wilds of Africa into Egypt before he was up to his ears in world politics."
Mr. Street's book first appeared in Collier's in a series of articles on presidential possibilities. Its publication between covers is the answer that men engaged in offering to the nation the books in which they are interested make to the question whether Mr. Roosevelt has lost his hold on the popular imagination.

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Tom Daly's Column

STILL more gratifying evidence of the popularity of the "Hill's Manual" extracts comes to us in the morning mail. A letter, dated "On board The House-Boat on the Styx Somewhere in Eternity," purports to come from the shade of Prof. Charles D. Cleveland, who thanks us in mid-Victorian language for our reference to him some weeks ago. "But," he continues, "may I inquire why you have referred to me but the once? In my present state all things are made clear to me and I feel sure that many of your readers will find in my pages (exempli gratia, those devoted to Martin Parquhar Tupper) much of whose full worth I was utterly unconscious when I wrote. I have no desire unduly to crowd Thomas E. Hill, but I beg you to advert again to my 'English Literature of the Nineteenth Century.'" Very well, Ah! Professor Hill—excuse our kismet! may we ask you to give place for a moment to Professor Cleveland? Thank you! Professor Cleveland, dear readers; dear readers, Professor Cleveland.

MARTIN PARQUHAR TUPPER, 1814.
(From "English Literature of the 19th Century.")
This distinguished author—distinguished for the fine faculty, deep thought and elevated moral tone of most of his writings—has recently made us a visit. He came not to be honored, but to see our country and exchange kindly words with those who had loved and honored, though unseen, the author of the "Proverbial Philosophy."

Mr. Tupper is most known by his "Proverbial Philosophy," and a book more replete with sound, practical wisdom is hardly to be found, though it must be confessed the style of it is far from perfect. He is, however, a man of letters, and also eminently instructive. Of these "The Croak of Gold" has been most widely read and generally admired, for, as a tale of intense interest and clear moral point, it is scarcely exceeded. The following is the simple account of its origin:

"Some years ago he purchased a house at Brighton. While laying out the garden he had occasion to have several drains laid. One day, observing a workman, Francis Suter, standing in one of the trenches wet and weary with toil, Mr. Tupper said to him in a tone of pity: 'Would you would dig up a croak of gold for me?' 'If I did,' said the man, 'it would do me no good; because merely finding it might not make it mine.' 'But, suppose you could not only find such a treasure, but honestly take it, would you not think yourself lucky?' 'Oh, yes, sir, I suppose I should—but' after a considerable pause, 'but I am not so sure, sir, after all, that that is the best thing that could happen to me. I think, on the whole, I should rather have steady work and fair wages all the season than to find a croak of gold.' Here was wisdom. The remark of the honest trench-digger at once set in motion a train of thought in the mind of the author. He entered his study, wrote in large letters on a sheet of paper these words: 'The Croak of Gold, a Tale of Conscience.' In less than a week the remarkable story was finished. With such simple threads, does genius elaborate the richest and most gorgeous tapestry."

"April, 1851.
The "For-It-Was-Indeed-He" Club
XVI-F. I. G.

YOU might imagine, gentle reader, by the further fact that his initials sound something like a challenge, that he wouldn't care a fig or two pins what any one said about him. Perhaps at the time when, in the early '70s, this may have been the case. There was then upon our hero's mind little that was much weightier than his curly hair, Ah! but what of the future? What of the heavy work and the still heavier play to which he had to give his mind in those far-off days that the time would arrive when he would find it easier to act as general counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad than to beat Russell Thayer over the 18 holes of the Philadelphia Cricket Club's sports golf course at St. Martin's. Francis L. Gowen—for it was indeed he—his his own troubles.



FRANCIS L. GOWEN

Right! Or Nearly So
In Monday's column I read:
"METICULOUS
Sign on Chestnut Street:
BLACK GLOVES CLEANED."

Why is this meticulous, or to put it theologially, supererogatory? Is dirt dirt only when you see it? Does a black man never have to wash his hands? LOUVERTURE.

Signs
Dear Sir—Approve of signs, we have an "Arist to Beer Apparatus," an "Ice, Me and Ship Factors," a "Sawtooth," and "Smarter" store and a "Designer of the Print" in our vicinity downtown.

"Somewhere in France"
(With the American Ambulance Corps.)
Sufferer's snivel, but ain't it hell,
'Midst this rain of shot an' shell,
Haul'd wounded day an' night
From the thickest of the fight,
Cosh 'n' wish 'n' such a hum,
Nev'ermore would this Tank rum!
Bilther's mutt, I took a chance,
An' I'm here Somewhere in France!

Old Joffre pinned a cross on me;
Others shook my mitt with me;
Kitch said "here's an' such stuff,"
'Cause the chance we took was rough.
Just the same I'd like to be
Back in 'n' old land of the free!
Bilther's mutt, I took a chance,
An' I'm here Somewhere in France!

What the deuce it's all about
Fills this Yankee kid with doubt,
All the livelong day an' night
They're exploding in the fight,
Or but it's a sick'n' stench
When we drag 'em from the trench.
Bilther's mutt, I took a chance,
An' I'm here Somewhere in France!

Here I am an' poor fool me!
Far away the Christmas tree
Is aglow with tinsel balls;
Music rings through all the halls;
Dad and ma and all the rest
Share the Yuletide cheer and jest—
While I'm stilled with my ambulance
In a ditch Somewhere in France!

THEY'RE telling this one on the Street: A man who had something to sell went into the office of Van Dusen & Stokes, the other day, and asked for Mr. Stokes.

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TITLED TRIO OF BUSY BRITISHERS

London's Defender, the National Recruiter, the New Commander in France and Flanders and Some of Their Achievements

WHY? Why was Admiral Sir Percy Scott assigned to the task of defending London from the Zeppelins? Why was Lord Derby the man chosen for the post of "National Recruiter"? Why was Sir Douglas Haig designated as the successor of Field Marshal Sir John French?

Of course, there were reasons behind these assignments and appointments, but what reasons? Political? In part, doubtless; but the inquiry runs into a maze of uncertainty and conjecture, and it is pleasanter as well as easier to find the reasons that rest on personal merit.

Before the change of commanders Sir John French had paid high tribute to the man who now takes his place. When hostilities commenced Sir Douglas Haig was general officer commanding at Aldershot and immediately was placed in command of the first army of the expeditionary force.

Mention of his name in dispatches for excellent generalship appeared repeatedly. At the battle of the Aisne his conduct was described by Sir John French as "bold, skilful and decisive." In November, 1914, Sir Douglas was promoted from the rank of lieutenant general to the full rank of general for distinguished service in the field.

In General French's dispatch to the British War Office describing the famous and masterly retreat from Mons he credited Sir Douglas Haig with having extricated his corps from a difficult position at Landrethun. "I sent urgent messages to the commander of two French reserve divisions on my right to come up to the assistance of the First Corps, which eventually did," wrote Sir John. "Partly owing to this assistance, but mainly due to the skilful manner in which Sir Douglas Haig extricated his corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of the night, they were able to dawn to resume their march south toward Assigny on Guise."

Sir Douglas Haig is a Scotchman. He is fifty-four years old and began his military career as a subaltern in the Seventh Hussars in 1883. His first distinction he won in the Sudan, where he was promoted by General Kitchener to the brevet rank of major for gallantry at Atbara and before Khartoum. Sir Douglas also distinguished himself in the operations against the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. During one of the important phases of the war in South Africa Sir Douglas Haig commanded a group of columns. He was mentioned again in dispatches and was appointed aide-de-camp to the King. Later he commanded the Seventeenth Lancers, "the Death or Glory Boys," and in 1903 he became Inspector General of Cavalry in India. While in the East he was promoted to the rank of Major General and in 1906 became Director of Military Training, and the following year Director of Staff Duties at army headquarters. From 1909 until 1912 he was Chief of Staff in India.

John Bull Englishman
Lord Derby's work in his difficult post is known to the world. After his appointment "A Northern Admirer" wrote a "letter to the Editor" of the London Mail to impress on the people of southern England the kind of man who had been chosen. "We in the north," he said, almost anxiously, "know that Lord Derby's gallant effort to save voluntary enlistment, in which attempt he has himself said he feels somewhat in the position of a receiver of a bankrupt concern," is characteristic of the fine courage of the man.

Always a strict and brainy Tory, he is throwing himself into a task created by what many people consider Mr. Asquith's monomaniac fear of the working classes. "We know," declared "Admirer," "that he will throw his unbounded enthusiasm and genius for organization into the work. We know that he will inspire the canvassers on their unpleasant rounds, and that just as he has sacrificed every moment of leisure and peace at his palace at Knowsley since the war began, so he will work from morning to night writing, speaking, traveling and inspiring."

The fact that he does not believe in the work he is doing, that he holds the strongest views against the voluntary system, has not deterred him for an instant. Mr. Asquith asked him to do it, and that was enough. It is doubtful whether any single individual



—with the exception, of course, of Mr. Hedley Le Bas, the author of the great posters and advertisements in connection with recruiting has gathered so many soldiers to the King's army.

Now for the "why" of the appointment of "Great Scott," the inventor-admiral whose job is tackling the "Zeppels." "The father of modern naval gunnery," he is called. All through his life gunnery has been his grand passion. "I shouldn't be surprised to hear," said a knowing tar once, "that Percy Scott takes a 4.7 with him when he goes to bed!" Why is Sir Percy Scott, the man who has been chosen to defend London against Zeppelins, styled "the father of modern gunnery"? Because he practically invented it, so the British claim. Almost every week of his life he has invented something sensational, and almost every invention has been connected with guns. He once invented a motto—but even that was a gun motto. It ran: "Hit, hit quickly, and continue to hit."

Necessity is the mother of invention, and Sir Percy's inventions have generally come at a time of most pressing need. In 1852 he was on active service in Egypt as a gunnery lieutenant. The British army, not for the first or for the last time, found itself short of guns. How to procure more? Nobody could say. But young Scott's eye lit on the fort guns, and he decided that they must be made transportable. An unheard-of thing—yet Scott made them transportable, and the army, taking them along, played old Harry with the foe!

"Great Scott" a Thinking Fighter
Necessity called again at the beginning of the Boer War. Once more the British were short of artillery, and Sir George White telegraphed in despair to Scott's ship, the Terrible, to ask if the navy could let him have some four-pound-sevens.

"What can you do?" asked Admiral Harris. "I can think," said Admiral Scott.

And Admiral Scott thought. He thought for one night, and during that night he invented a new gun-carriage. Twenty-four hours later two 4.7-inch guns and four 12-pounders were on their way to Durban. Experts say that, but for this amazing promptitude, Ladysmith would inevitably have fallen.

Sir Percy's devotion to gunnery has always produced startling results, and his ships have always been noted for setting up gunnery records. The Admiralty could scarcely believe its eyes when, some years back, it read that Scott's ship, the Scylla, had registered 50 per cent. of hits with her 4.7-inch guns, for the Admiralty knew that the average in the navy at that time was only about 31 per cent. Next the Terrible, under Sir Percy, scored 102 hits in 128 rounds off Shanghai; and, not content with this, when he took over the Barfleur, Scott saw to it that the Barfleur beat even that record, in a heavy sea. Such is the man with whom the Zeppelins now have to reckon. Small wonder that he has been nicknamed "On-the-Spot Percy," for he is always on the spot—dead on.

WHAT PHILIP SPEED DID
Working newspaper men who attended the funeral of Philip Speed, at his home on Staten Island, Friday last, must have had serious thoughts regarding the forgetfulness of mankind. Mr. Speed had been a hard worker in New York journalism, for more than 20 years, during which time he had performed many acts as a reporter that to this day redound to the philanthropy of his profession. One instance in particular recurs to me, because it happened so close under my personal notice.

In the summer of 1892, the child of a rich family was carried off by a nurse that had been "planted" in the household for the express purpose of securing money for the little girl's ransom. For many days the police of this city and the constabulary of New Jersey worked fruitlessly on the case. Philip Speed, a reporter on the World, was finally assigned to the apparently hopeless task of finding the abducted child. He spent days and nights amid the wildest recesses of New Jersey, because he soon gained a clue that the maid came from the region near Hillside. Later he learned that she was a married woman, although she had passed a year in prison for the murder of her husband. He traced her to a boarding house over all that semibarren region until he located a small roadside inn, at which a young couple and child were living. He had a photograph of the girl. He lodged at the roadside tavern, identified the child, got in touch with the police by telephone, caused the arrest of the couple and restored the stolen baby to her parents. Then he hurried back to his desk to write an account of the strange discovery and rescue. It was "a first page," all right!

The abductors were tried, convicted and given a long term in prison. Would you believe it, those parents never wrote to Philip Speed a line of gratitude? Sadder of all, to me, they were not at his funeral, and did not send a word of sympathy to the young widow!

Such is the experience of most newspaper workers.—Julius Chambers in Brooklyn Eagle.

THE PRACTICAL TEST
A New Yorker, emphatically characterized as an "economist," calculates that a family of five can "live well" on \$1.46 daily. Has he put his theory to the test of personal practicality?—Spokane Spokesman.

FLYNN OF THE SECRET SERVICE

Realized His Early Ambition in Becoming Head of the Government's Detective Agency—Some Important Investigations

TO DEAL more efficiently and effectively with the "creatures of passion, dishonesty and anarchy" who are guilty of the complexities, plots and machinations against the rights of American industry and American neutrality the various investigating agencies of the Federal Government have been co-ordinated under a special bureau in charge of Frank J. Flynn, chief of the State Department. These agencies include the coast guard service, the department of justice, the customs inspectors, the inspectors of land frauds, the immigration inspectors, the postoffice inspectors, the bank examiners, the special investigators of the Department of Justice, and last, but not least, the United States Secret Service.

Of late the public has learned of the very efficient work of the Secret Service in digging up evidence relating to the activities of Robert Fay and his associates and uncovering swarms in various parts of the country. But the extent of its investigations and discoveries concerning these plots and conspiracies is not known to the general public and probably never will be. The value of the Secret Service, moreover, is not to be measured by sensational exploits and achievements or by the amount of publicity its doings receive. That publicity, for obvious reasons, is not of large proportions.

The present situation, of course, calls for a close correlation of secret investigations with the State Department. Of the newly created bureau the Secret Service will form the nucleus. Though the range of its work has been limited, the Secret Service in the past has rendered valuable aid in several widely divergent directions.

All Around the World
It is by many investigations conducted in this country and perhaps abroad that the Administration has gathered information that has enabled the Federal officials to foresee international events before they really happened. It is the preparation of these reports, moreover, that is the important work which the Secret Service has done. It has been performed under the direction of the State Department, which has a confidential fund for such investigations and which calls upon the Secret Service chief to supply the men for the work. While the public hears little of the details of the work of the Secret Service, the chief has agents all over the world, men of great skill, many of them of high education, others of little school education but graduates in the university of human nature and of criminology, men of great courage and necessarily of tremendous resourcefulness.

At the head of the Secret Service is William J. Flynn, who was born in New York City some years before he got the evidence in hand needed. An illustration of his methods is found in the case of Lupo, "the Wolf." Back in April, 1903, the body of a murdered man in a barrel floated in New York. McCluskey, the Central office in New York, McCluskey could make nothing of the case, but finally Flynn sent him word that he knew the murderer and the comrade of men whom Flynn had under suspicion. Flynn had marked Lupo as the assassin of Madison and he was charged for seven years. New York police detective success he obtained for the murder of Madison, but not Flynn. He finally succeeded on a gang of counterfeiters in the prison far from Poughkeepsie. Among his associates was the Wolf, who was convicted and got a sentence of 30 years for counterfeiting. The reason for the heavy sentence was Wolf had certainly on Flynn's part that the Wolf was concerned in the murder of Madison. Flynn said that the case was one of the best pieces of work he ever did.

Another instance of Flynn's ability was brought out in the capture of John Dasta, who passed counterfeit five pound notes of the Bank of England. He trailed the man through the Pennsylvania and finally captured him in England and sent him to America. Finally capturing his man and ending the proof he needed in Reverse. Mass.

A MATTER OF PRICE
That critic who ascribes the popularity of the "movie" to its being "the quick lunch" may imagine that people prefer a quick lunch to a course dinner when as a matter of fact, if they had the price they mightn't.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Tracking Down "The Wolf"
Two or three of his "cases" may be mentioned here. When Flynn was in charge of the New York division he watched a man for seven years before he got the evidence in hand needed. An illustration of his methods is found in the case of Lupo, "the Wolf." Back in April, 1903, the body of a murdered man in a barrel floated in New York. McCluskey, the Central office in New York, McCluskey could make nothing of the case, but finally Flynn sent him word that he knew the murderer and the comrade of men whom Flynn had under suspicion. Flynn had marked Lupo as the assassin of Madison and he was charged for seven years. New York police detective success he obtained for the murder of Madison, but not Flynn. He finally succeeded on a gang of counterfeiters in the prison far from Poughkeepsie. Among his associates was the Wolf, who was convicted and got a sentence of 30 years for counterfeiting. The reason for the heavy sentence was Wolf had certainly on Flynn's part that the Wolf was concerned in the murder of Madison. Flynn said that the case was one of the best pieces of work he ever did.

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